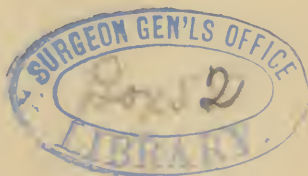


Mem

Box 52

In Memoriam.

DR. WM. BEVERLY DRINKARD.





PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
UPON THE DEATH OF
DR. WILLIAM BEVERLY DRINKARD,
FEBRUARY 14, 1877.

The regular meeting was, on motion, adjourned, and Dr. S. C. Busey, the President, called a special meeting to announce the death of Dr. Wm. B. Drinkard, which he did as follows:

GENTLEMEN: It becomes my painful duty to announce to you the death of one of our most distinguished members. Dr. WILLIAM BEVERLY DRINKARD died at his residence in this city, on the morning of the 13th instant, after a brief but painful illness. Under ordinary circumstances I might be content with this simple official announcement, but as one of those who was near him during his last illness, and who enjoyed his friendship and confidence, I am not permitted to grieve in silence. I cannot withhold a tribute to the memory of one so honored and so loved as was our late lamented associate. He was distinguished as a man, as a physician, and as a brother practitioner. As a man, for his uniform courtesy, unswerving integrity, and honorable bearing; as a physician, for his learning, his skill, and devotion to duty; and as a brother practitioner, for his urbanity, courteous bearing, and high regard for the ethics of professional intercourse. None knew him but to love him, and the better one knew him the more he was loved. There is not one in yonder grief-stricken household, nor here among the companions of his manhood, nor elsewhere among his numerous friends, who ever heard him utter one harsh word, or one unmanly thought.

As he lived, so he died. That courtesy and punctilio which characterized his demeanor towards every one; that firm and heroic will which had so preëminently distinguished his career from the beginning of his professional studies, and those high social and intellectual qualities which had surrounded him with so many friends, never forsook him, never once yielded under the painful suffering which terminated in death. But, perhaps, I can the better illustrate his heroism by a narration of some of the incidents of his sickness and death. From the commencement of his illness till within a few minutes of his death, he retained all his faculties, and never once lost his self-possession or forgot his calling. He understood the nature of his disease, marked its progress, realized its danger, and lent every assistance to his medical advisers,* which physical suffering would permit, that was deemed conducive to a favorable issue. During

* Drs. J. T. Young, A. Y. P. Garnett, A. F. A. King, and myself.

Friday night, when his temperature was running high and exhaustion was threatening, previous to taking some wine, (he had never tasted any alcoholic beverage,) he took his temperature and, reading it at 104.5, drank the champagne. After awhile he again took his temperature, and returning the instrument to me, remarked—"a primary elevation of .8." When the time came to repeat the stimulant, he again examined his temperature, finding a decline, took the wine; and so, at several recurring periods, did he make the thermal observation before repeating the draught. During the early part of this scene he invited attention to his most distressing symptoms, and several times recalled the suggestions of Juergensen in regard to the management of certain emergencies occasionally incident to the course of catarrhal pneumonia. As early as Friday night he indicated, but not until Sunday at noon did he positively express, any apprehension of an unfavorable result. At that time he communicated his wish to have an interview with a friend then absent from the city, and gave explicit directions how to reach the gentleman by telegraph, but added, if it could be safely deferred until the next day he was content, but that it must not be too long delayed; and, then, seeming to fear the opportunity might not occur, began to state the purposes of the conference desired, ceasing only when warned of the danger of fatigue. Several times during the following night and succeeding day he inquired why the friend had not arrived; and when finally informed that he could not reach the city before 6 a. m. Tuesday, he seemed to dismiss the subject. Early Monday morning, in response to the inquiry of a relative who had just returned to his room, he said, with his accustomed suavity of manner and usual precision of language: "I am better. The night was one of intense suffering. I am not, however, out of danger." The hope proved delusive. Soon the aggravation of the symptoms denoted extension of disease. Thenceforward, until the end, there was unabated suffering and increasing exhaustion.

When the hour of 6 Tuesday morning had come, he reminded me that his friend had not arrived, but waited still awhile, hoping the carriage awaiting his arrival at the depot might bring him—then, calling me to his bedside, he inquired if everything had been done, and having been informed that our resources had been exhausted, he said: "It will be too late. It must be manifest to you that I am dying. For four days I have struggled against this, but it is no use, the end is near. I must entrust to you what I wished to have said to ——." Thus he began, and with marked deliberation, calmness and clearness, he communicated his requests. This interview having been concluded he asked for his mother, who immediately entered his chamber from the adjoining room. I know not what passed, but in bidding her good-bye, he said: "Mother, next to the immediate family, hold these friends who have been with me during my illness forever in affectionate remembrance." Next he called his sister, and brother's wife, and then the brothers, one by one; to each he spoke words of comfort, and bade each an affectionate and final farewell. Pausing a moment and looking away, he suddenly turned towards a brother presenting the infant nephew, and with outstretched arms he bade Joe come to him, clasped him in his arms, kissed him and returned him to his father. Next came the interview with a lady whom he held in high esteem, who had remained near him during his illness, rendering

valuable assistance and offering consolation to the afflicted family. And now, came tottering to his bedside the old family servant. He grasped her hands and said: "You nursed me during my infancy, and have always been faithful to me. I do not wish to die, but it is so," and drawing her to him, kissed her and bade her, too, a final good-bye. He, alone, passed through this trying and afflicting scene unmoved. Not once did his voice falter, never for one moment did he lose himself, but all his utterances were delivered with such calmness as I had never witnessed. After resting for a time, seeming to be reflecting whether any one had been omitted, he asked for Dr. Coues, the companion of his boyhood and firm friend of his maturer years, and to him, when parting, he said, "Present my compliments and regards to Mrs. Coues." Subsequently, he inquired for the family, and when told they were in the adjoining room, he bade me tell them to "remain there and be at his bed-side when he died." Later still, he offered recognition to a valued friend who had been hastily summoned to his dying chamber. When all this had passed, the mental aberrations of rapidly approaching death began. With an occasional irrelevant inquiry concerning some patient and the giving of precise directions to another, he lingered on, when suddenly, seeming to re-possession himself, he exclaimed, "*Au revoir*," and died, surrounded by his family and friends.

After which Drs. A. Y. P. Garnett, J. T. Young, A. F. A. King, and Chas. E. Hagner, were appointed a Committee to draft suitable resolutions; to which Committee the President was added by a motion to that effect. While this Committee were framing their resolutions,—

Dr. Thos. Antisell spoke of his long acquaintance professionally with our deceased brother, which enabled him to form an estimate of his character as well as his attainments, and was happy to be able to endorse the feeling and appropriate remarks made by the silver-tongued President. The deceased had a most evenly-balanced mind, an intense love for his profession, and his estimate of self was exceedingly moderate. One of his very last acts in this Society was a report upon a case presented here. His education was complete, and whilst in Europe he became M. R. C. S., London. It was sad to see such a life closed before the course was run, for the deceased bid fair to become an ornament to the profession and a light in the Society, and although as yet he had not shown the results of his fine education and mind, there was apparently the promise of ample time to bring his fine gifts to their full fruition.

When the Committee submitted the following resolutions:

Inasmuch as the hand of death has suddenly stricken down our beloved colleague and professional brother, Dr. William B. Drinkard; therefore,

Resolved, That in the decease of our lamented friend we recognize the loss of an admired associate, who was always faithful in the discharge of every duty pertaining to his membership in this Society.

Resolved, That in his death the medical profession of the District has been deprived of one of its brightest ornaments—an earnest student, an able instructor, a skillful and conscientious practitioner, and one whose

never-failing industry in, and scrupulous attention to, the duties arising from the various positions of trust and responsibility which had devolved upon him as the well-merited reward of a life only half spent—no words of eulogy can adequately express our appreciation of his manly virtues.

Resolved, That the beauty and purity of his noble private character, his tender goodness of heart, his gentleness and dignity of manner, his faithful friendship, and (to those of us who witnessed it) his manly heroism in death, will remain as pleasant *souvenirs* to mingle with the deep regret and exalted respect with which we shall ever cherish his memory.

Resolved, That we present to his afflicted family a copy of these resolutions as an expression of an earnest desire to pour into their grief-stricken hearts a full measure of sincere condolence.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of esteem, we will attend in a body the funeral obsequies of our departed brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the daily press for publication.

ALEX. Y. P. GARNETT,
JAMES T. YOUNG,
S. C. BUSEY,
A. F. A. KING,
CHAS. E. HAGNER.

At the close of the reading of these resolutions the following remarks were made by Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett:

But a few short months have elapsed, Mr. President, since this Society was called upon to mourn the loss of one of its oldest, most honored and highly esteemed members, and we are again summoned by one of those inscrutable and seemingly harsh dispensations of Providence to mingle our sympathies, our sorrows and our affections over the silent bier of another beloved brother, who has been so suddenly and so painfully snatched from our midst. In the former, 'tis true, sir, that our sorrow found a tempering solace in the fact that our departed friend had been permitted to attain the full fruition of a laborious, useful and distinguished career—passing away with peaceful tranquillity in the evening of life, when the three score and ten years allotted to man had been nearly reached.

As the faint outlines of eternity begin to cast their shadows over each earthly pilgrim journeying thither with unceasing step, we naturally and instinctively accommodate our feelings to the coming ordeal, and learn to contemplate, with submissive resignation, the dreaded moment when some cherished friend is called away forever.

The element of decay and death, as a part of the human system, teaches us to look forward to death in the aged as an inevitable part of the plan of nature and serves to mitigate its sting.

But, Mr. President, what a painful, what a harrowing contrast does the sad event by which we are confronted to-night present. Not the mature and ripe old age of manhood, but the young, the bouyant, the hopeful, the aspiring, the ambitious, has been cut down. He who but a few years since sprang into the arena of life full of lofty ambition, and possessed of the highest order of talent, carefully and assiduously cultivated, whose mental endowments were only equalled by those fascinating social

embellishments which so conspicuously characterized him, on the very threshold of a brilliant and successful future, has been so mysteriously taken to that bourne whence no man returns.

Verily, sir, does it seem that in this instance has death shown that he loves a shining mark. Those whom the gods love die young, is an expression which has come down to us from the days of the ancients, and we have to-night another occasion to keenly, sorrowfully feel its truth.

William Beverly Drinkard has passed from us at the early age of thirty-four. A Virginian by birth, for he was born in the old town of Williamsburg, on the 7th day of December, 1842, his infancy and early childhood was passed in the courtly atmosphere which still surrounded the metropolis of the colonial days, and in his nature was implanted that winning courtesy which was so marked a characteristic of his bearing. His father moving to Washington to reside in 1857, Dr. Drinkard was placed under the tutorship of Charles B. Young, Esq., of this city, whose admiration was won by the thorough and conscientious scholarship of his pupil, and between whom and himself there has ever since existed a warm friendship, now ended, alas, by death.

After passing through school he entered Georgetown College, where he remained until the spring of 1860, at which time, before completing the usual course of study, he left for the purpose of visiting Europe, setting sail therefor in May, 1860. More than the next four years were spent by him in acquiring in the capitals of the Old World those stores of knowledge and learning with which he was so richly provided. First stopping in England he, after a short stay, went to Orleans, France, and there continued his academic studies; from that city he subsequently removed to Paris and entered upon the study of medicine. He remained in Paris some four years, attending the lectures of some of the most distinguished lights of our profession, among whom were Velpeau, Nelaton, Gosselin, Grisolle, and Trousseau. In his course of study he devoted especial attention to diseases of the eye, being assistant at the clinic of Desmarres, and from whom he received especial marks of esteem. He was also interne of various hospitals, completing his course of study in London, where he received the degree of M. R. C. S. in July, 1865, and returned to this country in the fall of the same year; matriculated in the National Medical College of the District of Columbia on the 2d day of November, 1865, and graduated therefrom in March, 1866, settling immediately as a practitioner in this city. To you who knew him his subsequent history needs no commentator. We who saw him in daily life, who met him at the bedside of the sick, in the Hall of this Society, in social life; we who learned to know, respect, and honor him as a man, friend, and brother physician, all witnessed with unselfish pride the rapidity with which he assumed that high position in our midst, and to which he was so justly entitled.

After discharging for some time the duties of demonstrator he was in July, 1872, elected professor of anatomy in the National Medical College of the District of Columbia, his medical *alma mater*, and filled the chair with marked ability. No later than last week he delivered, in that quiet but impressive manner peculiar to him, his final lecture to his class. No farewell word was spoken, but as he closed, his voice was hushed never again to be heard in those halls.

It has been said by some cynical writers on life that the great world

closes over us as we depart and leaves no void to mark our place. The death of such men as Dr. Drinkard proves the fallacy of this statement. He was one of those noble souls who, in the words of the poet, leave foot-prints on the sands of time.

As long as the Children's Hospital of this city shall exist so long will it be one of the many monuments he has left of his self-sacrificing kindness of heart, for he was one of its original founders, and was a member of its medical board at the time of his death, in which capacity he had especial charge of diseases of the eye and ear.

Ever ready to aid all institutions founded for the relief of suffering humanity, he was, up to a short time since, a member of the advisory and consulting board of surgeons and physicians to the Columbian Lying-in Hospital, and upon the occasion of the recent resignation of that board, it was to his calm judgment and able pen that the task of drawing the letter of resignation was confided.

He also held the position of consulting physician of the Louise Home, and was one of the attending physicians of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, displaying by his active labors his preëminent devotion to the greatest of all the virtues—charity. In addition, he was a most highly esteemed member of this Society, which has now assembled to do honor to his memory.

I leave it to others, Mr. President, who, as chosen friends and professional attendants, remained near his person to the last, and as witnesses of the sublime spectacle which he exhibited at that trying moment, to portray to you the heroic struggle and final triumph of a trained intellect over the physical pangs of dissolution. I will only add that his habitual punctilious courtesy and generous self-abnegation never for one moment forsook him; passing through the harrowing and agonizing scene of bidding adieu to those who were nearest and dearest to him on this earth with manly fortitude and womanly tenderness, he closed his eyes and with a firm voice uttered the last significant and pregnant words, *au revoir!*

Dr. J. M. Toner moved that the resolutions be adopted.

Dr. F. A. Ashford, in seconding the resolutions, had prepared no address; he spoke of the inefficiency of language to give true expression to the grief and sorrow which every member of the profession in this District experienced in the death of Dr. Drinkard. The resolutions, "though so true and faithful; though so beautiful and earnest, yet they cannot give that reflex from the heart, that deep personal sympathy and sorrow, which we all feel to a greater or less degree. We are stricken with a sore anguish to-night, which finds no alleviation in words; with a sorrow which finds no consolation in rounded periods; with a grief which knows no assuagement in rhetoric. Mere syllables fall discordant upon our senses—only the silent tear and suppressed sob are in harmony with our feelings." He had known Dr. Drinkard "as classmate, friend and brother; he had known him as a physician and as a man; he had known him as pupil and as professor. In each and every capacity he was great; in every circumstance and act he was noble; in every relation of life he was true and faithful."

He then adverted to the characteristics of the deceased: "his liberal sentiments; his punctilious bearing; his unswerving integrity; his deli-

cate regard for the feelings of others; his elegant, sympathetic suavity of manner; his purity of life; his disinterested friendship; his varied attainments; his great learning; his sound wisdom; his cautious prudence, and his high order of talents."

Dr. Ashford concluded by referring to his "inner life as nobler still—grander still. . . . These higher virtues will remain uncounted, but every one who knew and was brought into contact with his beautiful life will feel that he has been the better by such an association."

Dr. J. W. H. Lovejoy said:

Mr. President, my long acquaintance with Dr. Drinkard and my admiration for his many estimable qualities impel me to bear my tribute to his memory on this occasion.

I knew him well from his boyhood and I have never known a person who changed so little in the essentials of character as he, only that his excellent moral and intellectual qualities were developed with his manhood and grew with his growth. A boy, with the feelings and breeding of a gentleman, moral, steady, studious and intelligent, he grew up to be the man we all knew him: a large-hearted man, one of an expanded mind and great acquirements. Well educated in his youth, thoroughly instructed in the principles of our profession, he never failed to make intelligent use of the lessons of experience. He had already secured an enviable reputation and possessed the intellect and training which, had he lived, would have made him one of the shining lights of our profession.

There are too few such men in the world. Such a man is a loss not only to his family, to this Society, to the profession of medicine, but to humanity itself, which could not have failed to derive benefit from the results of his ripened experience.

He lived a noble life, consistent throughout its honorable course, and died as he had lived, a thoughtful, kind and affable gentleman.

I have heard from one of the companions of his boyhood, who was with him in his last moments, that in occasional attacks of delirium his talk was constantly of his patients, that he imagined himself prescribing for them and giving them advice; but when roused to a sense of his situation, and when he had occasion to ask for any assistance it was always done with an apology for the trouble he might give, and in the refined and polite manner which, with him, was hardly an acquirement but an instinct of nature: and, at the very last, with his family and friends around him he, with perfect composure and self-possession, instead of bidding them a last good-bye, used the expression, "Au revoir."

I have heard often of the last words of great men, many of them commanding admiration by their exalting and soul-stirring grandeur, but never have I been so impressed as by the sublimity of this expression.

Whether the idea of the immortality of the soul was planted in the mind of man at the birth of humanity, or whether it was the invention of the early philosophers and metaphysicians, it will not become me here to inquire; but it is one so gratifying to the vanity and self-importance of human nature and so grateful to our affections, that I think not one of us would relinquish it without a pang.

The grandest and most eloquent expression ever uttered of a belief in that sublime idea is condensed in the "Au revoir" of Dr. Drinkard.

May I live and die in this belief!

Dr. Chas. E. Hagner said :

Mr. President: When one cannot bring his mind to realize that a friend has indeed been called from the accustomed sphere of his usefulness and "that the place that knew him shall know him no more," how difficult is it to give utterance to your thoughts and feelings and do justice to his merits.

My conscience would reproach me should this occasion pass, without my feeble tribute being paid to the memory of our departed brother.

Dr. Drinkard has been for the past six years associated with me, as the attending surgeon and oculist to the Washington City Orphan Asylum. It was here I first learned to know and appreciate his noble qualities of mind and heart; always ready, courteous, discreet and conservative, I have many times received the benefits of his clear and dispassionate judgment.

We all know that of his profession he had a minute, exact and scientific knowledge, second to no one in it; of his qualities of heart, gentleness, modesty, and unselfishness, such as is seldom seen in one of his sex. Such qualities endeared him to all, and made him often the umpire on whose just judgment every one relied. If there is truth in the doctrine held by the ancients that the spirits of the departed freed from their earthly cerements love to linger about their accustomed terrestrial haunts, which of us could wish for more when the dread messenger shall claim our bodies, than that our shades should see such sorrow and grief depicted on the faces of all our fellows both young and old.

Dr. J. Ford Thompson said :

Mr. President: But a few short months ago we met in this hall to mourn the loss of one of our oldest and most honored members, one whose life had been uninterruptedly devoted to his profession, one who had gained all its honors and possessed all the blessings that a well-spent life can bestow. Whilst listening upon that occasion to the merited eulogies offered to his memory, I glanced around and within to discover if possible something that might indicate the next victim of the fell destroyer. I saw around me men of all ages; many loaded with years and honors, others full of youth and health and hope, but reflections suggested that not from these can we predict of the uncertainties of life. Among them present with sorrowing heart was our deceased friend, and the hope would naturally arise that he might long remain among us to adorn and ennoble the profession he so much loved. But the caprices of death are beyond all human comprehension, and we are met thus early to express our sorrow at his early and untimely death.

It has been my good fortune to have known Dr. Drinkard from his student days in various professional relations, and have therefore had ample opportunity of observing his character and attainments, which have always filled me with respect and admiration, such as are rarely felt towards one so early in life. Indeed, I have never met such a perfect and happy combination of all the elements which constitute a typical gentleman and physician as in Dr. Drinkard. I never saw him ruffled by temper or heard an unkind word from him towards any human being, nor have I ever known any one to speak unkindly or unfriendly of him, which shows, I think, the purity of the man, far more than any

praises that may be lavished upon him. He was one of the few men whom I have known who seemed to have been born with all the prerequisites to fulfil the high and responsible duties of a physician's life, a life which is unquestionably more exacting than any other occupation of man. Affable, gentle, courteous and kind, he was alike beloved by all whom he approached, either in the line of his duty or in the ordinary intercourse of social life. With none of the dissipations of life and with none of the passions which enslave the souls and minds of men; with a thorough knowledge and appreciation of all the departments of professional education, he had already gained a position in this community which few of us can hope to obtain even after the longest life. As a student he was the admiration of his teachers, and as a teacher he at once took that position which his attainments so richly deserved. His official positions will soon be filled and the world proceed in its wonted course, but it will be too long, I fear, before the void left by the flight of this noble and generous soul shall be worthily filled; and even among those who shall most deeply feel his loss and longest remember his beautiful character, are the members of that faculty with whom he was so long associated, and who now sadly return his last adieu.

Dr. Grafton Tyler had no studied remarks to make upon this sad occasion; he had come here to testify by his presence the great regard he entertained for, and the grief and sorrow which he felt at, the loss of our beloved brother. He had upon many occasions been associated with him in professional consultation, particularly during the past year, and the more intimate he became in such association the more admiration did he entertain for his character. He had not heard of his illness till a few hours previous to his death, being informed of the latter by a patient who went to his office for consultation and returned with the sad intelligence. He had listened with earnest interest to the eulogiums which have been here passed upon him, and must say they do honor alike to the head and heart of the speakers and to the true character of the deceased. The recital of his demeanor during his illness and in his last hours is truly touching, and from such a man as he knew him to have been might be expected such a death. Dr. Tyler had always been impressed by the decorum, courtesy, and extreme carefulness displayed by the deceased in his intercourse with the profession, and in his and their relation to patients. His educational accomplishments and professional skill have been most favorably announced by previous speakers. Every word spoken by those who were nearer to him in age and as dear in affectionate regard, are in accord with my judgment and the emotions of my heart. I have never known the gentle, unassuming, true, sensitive and honorable traits of character more fully developed than in the life of Dr. Drinkard. He was always self-sacrificing, of shrinking modesty, while under all circumstances he maintained the character of the accomplished gentleman, the skilled physician, and the calm, firm dignity of one who always did his duty; ardent in the pursuit of his profession, careful and benevolent, he recognized neither riches or poverty, but to all alike bestowed the blessing of the sympathetic and good physician.

Dr. Tyler came here from a sense of duty; he felt that he could add nothing to the eloquent tributes just paid, or to the general esteem in which the memory of Dr. Drinkard is held. It would seem from what

has been said that he was without a fault. Here we must pause and recognize the frailty of human nature, while I with truth declare, "*Nihil tetegit quod non ornavit.*" When I look around I see not only unusual sorrow but dismay in every countenance. Who can reconcile this sudden catastrophe? While it startles, shall we not dwell somewhat upon it. There is great mystery in the ways of Providence. Have we not seen a beautiful landscape with a cloudless sky, revealing each object in a better light, the verdure yielding gracefully to a gentle breeze, while the sweet melody of birds made more enchanting this elysium of security and peace. Suddenly a small cloud is seen in the distant horizon; the landscape just now so brilliant in its natural loveliness, is soon overshadowed, seen only occasionally by the lightning's flash, while thunders startle with their sudden peal. All nature trembles as the windstorm brings desolation in its destructive force.

Have we not beheld a smooth ocean, no ripple upon its surface, as gentle, refreshing breezes float along. The ship laden with voyagers—some in quest of gain by laudable traffic—some in pursuit of knowledge—some to meet friends long parted—some in pilgrimage to a Holy Shrine—all joyous, hopeful, happy and confident in reaching the destined haven. Suddenly shrieks and wailing attest the storm and darkness that surrounds and the terrible shipwreck that engulphs all in a common ruin.

Have we not seen "nature's nobleman" in the pride of his manhood, endowed with qualities that made him only to be beloved, beautiful and fair in all that adorns human character; the ornament of his profession; the pride, the solace, the support and the joy of his home, approaching only the acme of his greatness; with bright prospects of usefulness, honor and long life, suddenly stopped in his course; the sobs, the wailing, the anxious face and aching hearts; the lamentation of brothers in the profession, all show that death is near; the hurried, flickering pulse, the panting breath, the altered face, the last farewell, attest its truth; above the raging of the storm; above the surging of the ocean; above the agonizing cries of the helpless suffering; above the hard breathing of the dying son of love and hope; above the shrieks and wailing of agonized hearts is heard a voice—"Be still, and know that I am God."

The hoary head is prophetic of the grave. Let the young know also by this visitation that death is insatiate—the days of man are not within his knowledge,—

"We all must die to our every pulse that beats

"Beats toward eternity, and tolls our doom!"

The resolutions were then adopted and thereupon the following were appointed the committee of arrangements, Drs. J. W. H. Lovejoy, Wm. Lee and C. E. Hagner.

C. H. A. KLEINSCHMIDT, M. D.,

Secretary.

